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Lent — Lucifer's Vacation:

"Oh, Well!"

WHERE LINCOLN GREW TO MANHOOD

LANDMARKS ASSOCIATED WITH THE EMANCIPATOR'S EARLY LIFE IN KENTUCKY AND INDIANA

NANCY HANKS LINCOLN MONUMENT ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF LINCOLN'S MOTHER IN LINCOLN PARK, VERMILION COUNTY, ILL.

OLD LINCOLN CABIN IN OPENING CO. IND. NOW REPLACED BY TOWN BUILDING AT LINCOLN CITY.

BRACKINRIDGE HOME (STILL STANDING) IN WARRICK CO. IND. WHERE LINCOLN SPENT MANY HOURS POREING OVER BOOKS IN THE LIBRARY.

OLD WARRICK COUNTY, INDIANA, COURT HOUSE—RAZED IN 1904

NEW WARRICK COUNTY COURT HOUSE AT BOONVILLE, IND.

ON February 12 of every year the mind of every English loyal citizen is momentarily turned to the birthplace of Shakespeare, and so it is on or near every 22d of February in America, one of the world's great men, who was born.

The approaching birthday of the great martyred President, the American people in their exchanges, and that rule in the ninety-eighth anniversary of Washington's birth, is merely an observance of a custom, but those who have made the life of Abraham Lincoln a study, and those people who live in Kentucky, Indiana and Illinois look upon the birthday anniversary of Lincoln's rising more than the mere passing of a sullen day, which is the way they look upon Washington's birthday. The Lincoln anniversary has made for himself an immortal name in the history of the world's greatest men.

Historians say that Lincoln was born to be a plain, simple boy. In fact, he was born to be his own county, which, however, is a distinction that few men have ever had the ambition with their backgrounds, and to say that he, together with his father, mother and a sister, was in Indiana and entered into a claim to a piece of land in Spencer county, and a matter of fact, he actually did secure a quarter section of land, built it log cabin and lived on it for a year.

Then he moved to Warrick county, Indiana, further down Lincoln's own particular stamping ground. To say that Abraham Lincoln was the son of a poor carpenter and farmer gives an insight to the humble conditions that little Abe had to face when he was born. He was born in Kentucky, he was but seven, and remained there, in Indiana, until 1830, he spent fourteen years of his life in Indiana, or until he was twenty-one years of age.

It is between these the idle tales of his boyhood days, his many hardships and hobbies and his character traits combine and there unite that go up to his greatness, the part of his life is interesting. It is well understood that if Lincoln had done as other boys of his time, he would have had no more than a common college. But he did not do as the great men and boys of his day, and the ways of his early manhood are still interesting to young America, who strive for success in the future.

Lincoln was hardships, had meager clothing, coarse food and no advantage of learning or education. All who knew him agreed that he was unlike other boys. He was not fully understood, doubtless largely his real character or disposition is responsible for the many stories told of him. He was fond of work, but seemingly had other laziness or excuse he was fonder of mental exercise in reading or other tasks he sat done, he enjoyed books and is said to be, have borrowed much of the books of many of his neighborhood.

Mason Weems, Lincoln's first biographer, in quaint sent, a public library of several hundred volumes of the standard works of that day. Thomas Lincoln and Abraham Lincoln were at Rockport at least two times during the years but the books of Abraham Lincoln does not appear in the list of books. It is from the meager data from which Abraham Lincoln's early education knowledge in that neighborhood was very limited, though he borrowed every book that he could get. The list is a short one, and the following books are among them—"Johnson Crusoe," "Aesop's Fables," "Pilgrim's Progress," "Revolutionary War," "Life of Washington" and a history of the United States.

During Abraham Lincoln's entire period of life in Indiana he had read and reread this list of history and historical books over and over again. His good nature and his desire to be of service to others made him very popular. Seventy and good natured, he was the favorite of the children. He would tell stories to them as fast as he could think of them, and later on in a sincere way, well he was complimented for his interest and just way in settling disputes and differences. He was told many times that this same trait some day he would turn out to be a lawyer.

In Search of Books

Having read all the library books and what few there were of late to sail around Boonville, Lincoln heard of a library at Boonville. He resolved to go down to that place. Twenty miles distant, and learn what he could in the real court, which was to be held there in the month of August, 1828. Two months before the court convened a small basket of literature 30 inhabitants in strong contrast to the beautiful and attractive that now adorns the beautiful little town. It was a very large village, the new one now stands in the centre of a beautiful landscape. It was a country village, but there was no city to say the least, very good. Again, two hundred years from now, it was filled with wealthy homes, on which was built a stone wall eighteen inches high. This furnished the foundation upon which the building proper resided. The building itself was never originally completed. It was weather boarded, but the weather boards were never remained in the condition until 1830, which was after the Lincoln family had moved to Illinois. It was capable of holding only a hundred people and could only be used in the summer. In the night the cracks by which ground about them would all be filled with mud. Here were Abraham Lincoln received his first impulse to become a lawyer. Here he was to receive his first rudimentary principles in pleading cases that afterward made him famous as the lawyer of the Sangamon land.

It was to attend court in this rickety courthouse building that the young man walked twenty miles from Lincoln City to Boonville, Ind. He was an ardent admirer of the lessons that he gained upon the occasion of his visits to the courthouse, and inspired the great man to become thy lawyer he afterward became. And, from this distinction or friendship to him the reputation that stand in his early years.

To claim to greet a distinction it is easily to be understood that Lincoln was not the first boy left from the history of young Lincoln while he was a visitor here attending court, and from the reputation that he received the knowledge in did, which the world knows him to become the lawyer he did, is another laurel for the little city to which he came.

John A. Breckinridge, then the ablest lawyer in Southern Indiana and a prominent worker in the county Democratic central committee and the cornerstone of this political party in Warrick county, owned the library. He inspired only his patronage, and from the fact that he was a leader Lincoln, who stood by his new law library in the Southern Indiana, if not in the State.

OLD WARRICK COUNTY, INDIANA, COURT HOUSE—RAZED IN 1904

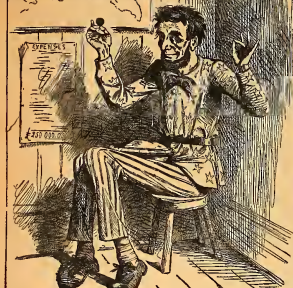
Breckinridge was then a young man, and was a leader in the county. He was a lawyer of great ability, and was a leader in the county. He was a lawyer of great ability, and was a leader in the county. He was a lawyer of great ability, and was a leader in the county.

Accordingly, Mr. Breckinridge, being a Democratic man, invited the young man to his home to stay all night. He also told him that he could use the books of interest to him and that he would be only too glad to have him do so. Lincoln was then a boy of about 19 years of age, and Boonville was a small village, but it was a very important place in early Colonial history. For the last twenty years, from 1816 to 1836, with the exception of a single year, he was continuously Governor of Colonial Indiana. As a matter of fact, a statesman had lacked none of his father's heroic qualities, but he was one of the best and ablest of the Puritan fathers who shaped the destinies of the early Atlantic coast. His character which he was for Christianity from the keen and strenuous Christianity which was granted by the younger Lincoln and inspire over granted by an English and Scotch ancestry, and other qualities of the day to be remembered. Connecticut, nineteenth century began, but Peter Cooper was born nine years before the beginning of that century, on the softened old English style of Boonville, Ind., and was the son of John Cooper, a hatter, who was a native of Maryland, and who was a native of Maryland, and who was a native of Maryland, and

LINCOLN in BRITISH CARICATURE

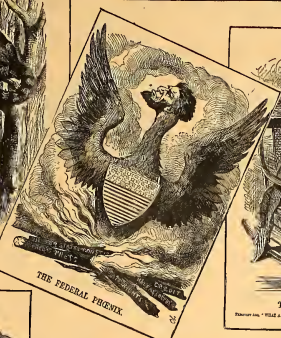
England's Attitude Shown in a Celebrated Cartoons Published in London Punch During the Civil War

ABE LINCOLN'S LAST CARD; OR, ROUGE-ET-NOIR.

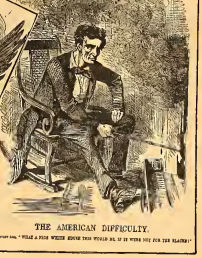


THE NEW ORLEANS PLUM.

"UP A TREE."



THE FEDERAL FURNIX.

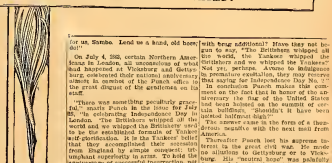


THE AMERICAN DIFFICULTY.

LINCOLN'S TWO DIFFICULTIES.

THE AMERICAN GLADIATORS—HABET!

BRITANNIA SYMPATHISES WITH COLUMBIA



"TELL me what a man learns at sea and I will tell you what he is," was one of Goethe's profound apothegms.

Laughter, one of the chief lines of cleavage between men and animals, is the most striking point of differentiation between man and lion. From the cool natured banter which is the oil of the world to the screaming sneer that murders it, laughter runs the gamut of human emotion. It is always the crow, even in its most genial moments, of hope, when it is a subterfuge, it assumes normally a mien very much like a smile and be a villain, but villany can, by the curling eye, be infinitely detected beneath the mask. A counterfeit laugh may be hard to detect in the case of a single man, but it will not ring true in lessons covers itself to more sources than one.

Now, for more than sixty years the recorded corpus of British laughter has been the property of Punch.

The contemporary mood of John Bull toward Brother Jonathan has obtained verbal relief through the grinning jaws of this chartered jester. The anniversary which celebrates the passage of the most cruelly maligned of all Punch's targets of ridicule, Abraham Lincoln, is a fitting episode which once more discovers the bond of sanity between nation and nation that was strained almost to the breaking point in the tragic days of the civil war, when Punch at the head of the British press was shocking.

The spectacle now suggests a backward glance upon this interesting feature in the career of Abraham Lincoln.

Of Punch itself it cannot be said that even before the civil war it had deemed itself friendly to America or American. Why should it? The British rank deemed it, and dealed in. Punch on the pages of the mob followed suit. In the Punch's pencil subsequently delighted to early fifties Punch, as it often declared, was to be devoted in part to "Yankee-bashing," the extraordinary mood which Jonathan whose adherence to the Irish had forced them to endorse from their native land. It would appear from Punch's own words that it was in full enjoyment of that American and native wove models of pusillanimous bosses and institutions unfathomable and unpraised with the average American.

British Ignorance of America.

Writing from Boston to Sir Edward Head in 1852, George Ticknor said: "I am much struck with what you say about the ignorance that prevails in England concerning this country and its institutions. Punch, which is the only source from which most of you derive your leading notions, things are caricatured in it to such a degree that it is a mere misrepresentation that have for some time been breeding ill will here, though by no means universal."

Ill will and even immediately after the outbreak of the war Punch's professed friendliness for America was still in force. When the news of the secession of South Carolina reached England in January, 1861, John Tenniel contributed a cartoon to the jester's pages entitled "Divorce a Vinculo," with the explanatory sub-title "Mrs. Carolina asserts her rights to herself by declaring that she will no longer be a slaveholder's helpmeet." The cartoon pictures a matron virago holding a cat-o'-nine-tails in her right hand and shaking her clenched left fist in the face of a scrawny, forlorn youth clad in a slur sprinkled shirt, in whom a little bow of a skirter appealed with clasped hands.

Punch also published the following poem accredited to Arthur Hugh Clough:

SECESSION AND SLAVERY.
Secession, so brothers fight to secede.
We forbear alas could be,
If upon all slaves could be freed,
Rather our slaves we'd keep.
Shall we for love of abstract law
Set the Negro straight withdraw,
And our life-line fast grasp.

What, when you've seen the knot untied,
Will you be friends? Ah, then
Will you be eager to your necklace
The fugitives again?

Will you be ready, as at present,
To help us to catch 'em?
And on your necks put

Say if your answers sound plausible
The bribery fund
Will be the same stores that rain,
Only your cotton and tobacco
Will be shipped not per and steff
But per Adelphi.

When the seceding States were in search of a name Punch suggested that of Slaveweth; and when, of the convention held at Montgomery, Ala., February 4, they adopted the title of the Confederate States of America, Punch resumed his battery in this fashion:

"The Confederate descendants must be admitted to be blessed with at least the philosophical virtue of self-knowledge. They term their new terror the Confederate States of America. Thus they call themselves by what they doubtless feel to be their right name. They are confederated for the purpose of upholding slavery. A confederacy of slaves! Well, position is manifest in that definition. Let us hope that the Confederate States. This title is a beautiful antithesis to that of the United States of America. The more flagrantly confederate slaveowners continue to display firmly good republicans should follow."

Punch's Pro-Northern Sentimen.

Again when General Beauregard declined to accept the proclamation in the South that "whom proclamation would arise and call them blessed" Punch commented that the expression was "more pointedly than correct, and omitted the concluding word "remarks."

Still again, Punch showed good feeling in commending Lord Palmerston, when the latter had begun, to keep Great Britain neutral.

"Well, Pam," says Mr. Punch to his workman, "of course I shall keep you on as you must stick to peace work."

Nor could the North object to the cartoon, in May, 1861, in which Abraham Lincoln made his first appearance in Punch. The picture was a burlesque of a recent Northern photograph which had represented him as a man of cloth of gold, and Punch's version presented features in marked contrast to the bearded ruffian—a repulsive compound of Caliban, villany and ignorance which Punch's pencil subsequently delighted to picture. The cartoon was entitled "Portrait of the President of the United States."

Lincoln is here represented as poising a bomb and filling the room with the odor of sent, saying with dowmost look—

"What a nice White House this would be if it were not for the blacks."

In the following number of Bull Run and the Northern policy of Dreads that changed the attitude of England and of Punch. The victory are hopes that the Confederate might be successful is overrating a hated and divided republic. The blockade aroused fears that the pocket of John Bull and Punch might be dissatisfied. All patriotic effort for the secession was swallowed up by the more potent and more personal craziness.

All during the Trent affair—when the United States was anxiously aware in awaiting the Confederate Commissioners, Mason and Slidell, on board an English war-ship—the Yankee cartoons rose to a higher level of insolence.

Even when Great Britain was not at war, or refused, to see the magnanimity with which Abraham Lincoln had ageolurred for an error not his own. The pettie-like caricature of Lincoln's features makes its first appearance in a cartoon wherein the republic face is joined to a negress's body. The "credit" is name, on a tree. Columbia and Bull, standing below, has drawn a bead on him with his gun.

"Air you in armed, Colonel?" asks the cook.

"If I am," replies the mighty Bull.

"Don't fire," says the cook. "I'll come down."

Even emancipation did not soften the asperity of the old time anti-slavery advocate. Punch feigned to see in the gracious

ABE LINCOLN'S LAST CARD; OR, ROUGE-ET-NOIR.

THE NEW ORLEANS PLUM.

ABE LINCOLN BOSSES, UP IN A CORNER, THINKING OF BUNDLE PIE.

FOUND UNDER HIS THUMB, A NEW ORLEANS PLUM, AND SAID 'WHAT A CUTE YANKEE AM I!'

"UP A TREE."

Guard Bill and the Taylor Gun.
Gun. "All the 12 above counts—
Guard Bill. "I AM DOWN, COLONEL!"
Gun. "DON'T FALL—I'M COME DOWN!"

THE FEDERAL FURNIX.

THE AMERICAN DIFFICULTY.

Talleyrand says, "WHAT A PITY WHEN KNOWS THEM WORLD SO, IF IS WORK NOT FOR THE HANDS!"

LINCOLN'S TWO DIFFICULTIES.

Mr. "WELL! SO MONEY SO KIND—"

THE AMERICAN GLADIATORS—HABET!

BRITANNIA SYMPATHISES WITH COLUMBIA

for us, Samba. Lend us a hand, old boss, do!"

On July 4, 1863, certain Northern American papers in London, all announcing a victory had happened at Vicksburg and Gettysburg, celebrated their national anniversary. The utmost in number of the Punch office is the great disgust of the gentlemen on the staff.

"There was something peculiarly grave," snarls Punch in the issue for July 18, "in authorities having to celebrate in London the 'Glorious Fourth' of July. The Declaration of Independence was to be the established formula of Yankee self-glorification. It is the Yankees' belief that they accomplished their secession from England by simple eminent; the unpleasant superiority is over. To hear the anniversary of successful insurrection announced as a day of joy to the whole of the British Isles, treading on the tail and eyes by picking him with a playful boot tip. It is compliment that never gained with credit for some magnanimity. The British residents in Paris would hardly have the crowning generosity and the taste to pay the manner in which the French kept up the Battle of Waterloo in the French capital.

"We cannot have in our vicinity a Celebration de nos, as they reasonably may repeat the Yankee toast above quoted with heap additional? Have they not been so kind, 'The gentlemen wrapped in a shroud,' as the Yankees call their brothers and we whom they recover? Not yet, perhaps. Averse to indulgence in premature exultation, they kept recovery! Had saying for Independence Day No. 1?

In continuing Punch thinks that comment on the fact that in honor of the anniversary of the 4th of July, Vicksburg and Port Hudson lay on the summit of certain bulldings, 'Shouldn't it have been named bulltrench high?'

The answer came in the form of a theatrical spectacle with the next mail from America.

"Hereafter Punch lost his supreme interest in the great civil war. He made no allusions to Gettysburg or to Vicksburgwhen his 'second hour' was publicly inaugured by Northern triumphs. His commercial sympathy was all with the losing side.

On April 13, 1865, came a cartoon, a really good one, which it usually refrained Punished's masterpiece, entitled "Brutus!" It represents the emancipation as gladiators before the enthroned and imperial negroes of Ares Caesar[illegible].

But in sentiment at least a greater was to come in the affecting picture of Britannia's tribute and Punch's encomia, called "Columbia sympathizes with Britannia, finally assassinated April 14, 1865."

Here *Are* Men Who Make Evening Telegram Readers Laugh *Expert Artists of Brush, Crayon, Pen and Pencil*

PHOTO BY DUFFY

JOHN P COLLINS

PHOTO BY STEARNS

CLIFFORD S. STERRETT

PHOTO BY DUFFY

WINSOR McCAY

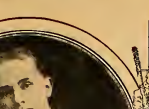
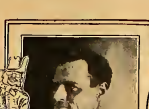


PHOTO BY STEARNS

GARNET WARREN



HEPPNER BLACKMAN

(FROM THE EVENING TELEGRAM.)

CLEVER CARTOONISTS AND COMIC ARTISTS TO MAKE 1907 MERRY.

Staff of Experts with Brush and Crayon for Coming Year Is Presented in Formidable Array.

In devoting ourselves to specializing a department—the true wit and humor we present to our readers to-day a description and biographical sketch of our artists for 1907, who may well be called the "Kings of Fun."

Never before has this newspaper gathered together a formidable an array of humor makers, funny men and powerful cartoonists who stand at the head of their class. For 1907 special pleas have been laid for the insertion every day of some special feature or picture which has been chosen because of its originality and true essence of wit. No stale, tiresome, old or worked out jokes will be presented. Nothing but fresh, crisp, racy and side splitting humor will appear from day to day to delight the readers of this newspaper as in the past.

This newspaper has begun to congratulate itself and its readers in affording the public a chance to enjoy the fruits of some of the cleverest minds in the country and to look forward to a humorous treat of up to date fun that will appeal to young and old.

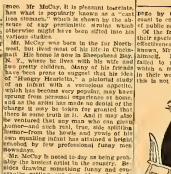
Winsor McCay.

HAVE you ever seen a cheese and toothpick and suffered the consequences? Or have you ever partaken of a Welsh rarebit and spent a night in mortal agony with strange, haughtery beings? If so, Winsor McCay, or "Silas," the humorist, needs but little recommendation, as he has what is popularly known as a "cast iron stomach" and has suffered the consequences of any gastronomic error which otherwise might have been sifted into his various stories.

LITTLE NEMO.
One of Winsor McCay's funnier characters.

Mr. McCay was born in the far North-west, but spent most of his life in Cincinnati. He began at two in Shoestring Bay, Mich., and was graduated from there with two pretty children. Many of his friends have been prone to suggest that his idea of "Hungry Henrietta," a pictorial study of an infant with a voracious appetite, is a bit humorous very possibly, may have been inspired by personal experience at home, and as the writer has seen the original he begs to say he hopes for grandchildren there is none such in it. And it may also be ventured that any one can grind humor—and such real, true, side splitting humor—out of the hard and prosy at his own astonishing ardent he attained a brevity unequaled by any humorous writer of the day.

Mr. McCay is noted to-day as being probably the newest artist in the country. Besides drawing something funny and original every week for his page he finds time to appear on the vaudeville stage, where daily and almost hourly he makes a momentary creation of his various studies with blackboard and crayon. At present in "Silas" he is the proud owner of a farm with a company of vaudeville players. His "Little Nemo" is a series of pictures which, unsurpassed by all else, is a theme that he draws his pictures for publication and realizes the creation for the ideas that are ever dawning.


TAKE SOME OF MY PILLS
A PICTURE OF MYSELF AS I APPEARED AT SCHOOL
IN YOKAHAMA IN THE DAYS OF AULD LANG SYNE
SILAS ON HIS ORIENTAL TOUR

Whose McCay is rapidly building up fame as a humorist that is destined to be long remembered. His "Little Nemo" and "Silas" series is important in the enjoyment of his humor and no doubt will immortalize them.

Garnet Warren.

A fact true enough. "The pen is mightier than the sword" might be embodied the fact that in modern times the pen would not prove half so effective were it not accompanied by the brush of the artist. Cartoons. Moreovers of the present day are coming to depend upon the cartoon as a weapon and instrument of power more and more as the times progress.

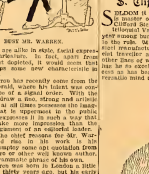
Garnet Warren, I think it is safe to say, is telling commission which will be held in the State army of artists depicted on this page, and he is the artist whose drawings

GARNET WARREN

are "Ps. Pudder'head" proved one of the best sellers in the year. The depicted evil men and women and the manner in which he is dealing with them is a study in itself. Mr. Warren is the partner of Mr. Collins in a style peculiar to himself and exceptionally funny.

Mr. Collins is also noted for his pictures of children. Street gamin, urchins and the like he draws with a realism and humor which, coupled with their "reality" are his special delight, and he has adopted a unique method of obtaining local color.

With a pocketful of sketch change Mr. Collins is wont to assemble some of the "toughest" characters he can find and sketch them in their native haunts, and while they are eagerly viewing the World wisdom is absorbed forthcoming he makes his sketches at leisure. Some of the drawing resulting from Mr. Collins' efforts in this line of his work have called forth unlimited praise from critics and he is fast becoming an acknowledged master in his line of "type" pictures.



HENRY MR. WARREN.

S. Clifford Sterrett.

SOLDIER is to that Duke of All Trades and Master of Arts, Mr. S. Clifford Sterrett, whose idea of "Vic Tellonius Vac" is one of the hits of the year among humor artists in the exception in the rule. Mr. Sterrett is an expert on the typewriter, and is also a composer, poet, traveler and a man among men in other lines of work. But in none of these has he so excelled or met with such success as has been his since he turned his versatile mind to comic drawings.

STERRETT AS COLLINS SEES HIM

Mr. Sterrett was destined by his parents to be a herdsman of cattle on the bonnie fields of Minnesota, but from the first the "call of the wild" was strong in the line of work and finally succeeded in getting permission to journey to Cleveland.

His earnest pleading for a drawing did not develop itself until several years later, when he was serving himself as a reporter on local lines. While attempting to draw a picture of a man who had been run down by a hot the look was rather than he had imagined and the result more pleasing than to had expected. It was enough to say that, or to be exact, about two years ago, Mr. Sterrett brought to Mr. Schlotterbeck his first drawing ever to try his hand career. The subject was a dog fight, and there hasn't been a day since then that the artist has had to worry about the future.

STERRETT'S IDEA OF WINSOR McCAY.

George E. Westcott, Jr.

"GOOD OLD RIP" is represented to have the clever coterie by George E. Westcott, Jr., who is responsible for the "discovered" and who is "backing" him. Although only twenty-two years old, Mr. Westcott has developed many new and original ideas of good humor and is a valuable addition to the staff of artists who are pleased to be with.

Mr. Westcott has a little secret stowed away which is now made known for the first time. Some months before Charles Dana Gibson's great picture "The Eternal Question" was produced before the public Mr. Westcott had drew a similar picture for Judge. It was published and brought forth many favorable comments.

It was shortly afterward that the great Gibson picture was brought out, and, although Mr. Westcott does not claim that there was any plagiarism on Mr. Gibson's side, he points the incident out as a remarkable coincidence and a proof of the saying that great minds run in the same channels.

C. S. Rigby.

KNOWN in his many friends as that "Rube" Rigby, Mr. C. S. Rigby has probably done more to make the Sunday issue of many readers enjoy the funny sketches of his life than any other artist of the day. He possesses the unique faculty of animating toys with his brush in exactly the manner that a child would wish to see them if it were possible to do so in reality.

Noah and Mrs. Noah, Adam and Eve, Satan, the animals and the Ark are all given a human look and character, although retaining their wooden features and appearance. Even the fish in the waterpots, the Teddy bear and all the other animal toys can be portrayed by Mr. Rigby in comic situations that are new and always keep able to converse and quarrel and woo one another.

Mr. Rigby's specialty in this line has been developed to a fine art, and the youngest grown-up, as well as grown-ups, find the artist has developed other traits of humor that are lasting.

What has not-been a real "Heath's Crack Pocket" is the wonderful series of "Mr. Caught Sinker" whose disappointments in the matter of fishing are only equaled by the look of disgust on his many acquaintances.

For 1907 Mr. Rigby has prepared a wonderfully humorous line of adventures for his little chocolate-colored hero, who promises to be wandering, and, according to Mr. Rigby, will be in search of the North Pole with the material of which he intends to celebrating there in their various phases of disappointment.

For Mr. Rigby, the young other artists, declares his ideas are always fresh and he never sees anything worthy. Nearly every day he finds a new character or a new picture idea in Mr. Rigby's drawings are taken from real life, so that there is more truth than fiction in what he does.

Mr. Rigby is one of the most experienced artists on the staff, having been on the foreign press department of the New York newspaper publication in the United States, but "Rube" Rigby's "Hopkins' Creek Hopkins" are specialties reserved for exclusive use in these columns and will be seen nowhere else during the present year.

Heppner Blackman.

HEPPNER BLACKMAN, the originator of "Editors for Live Ones," a series of caricatures on noted men of the day, is another of the staff of New York makers who deserve special mention.

A man with a keen appreciation of his business is quickly appreciated in the press-rooms and Mr. Blackman has strong little cases to his credit in that direction. In addition to the series mentioned he has originated a number of pen-and-ink sketching up jokes on current topics, accompanied by sketches, and has also originated a new original style with a peculiarly humorous theme.

Unlike his fellows, Mr. Blackman is an grave democrat and looks anything but the funny man of his work. In fact, until the papers got out the little ideas of everything his talents it was a surprise.

Mr. Blackman comes of a unique history. He was born in Bayonne, Ore., in 1882 and was named after the town, which had been founded by his uncle. He also has a number of relatives of the name, who were said to be born in the town.

His ambition was always known to be to draw in comic caricature, and in this he succeeded to the extent that he secured, after hard study, a position as private secretary to Judge Campbell, of Sun Francisco, and while in that capacity it was soon discovered that he had a unique talent for drawing, and was surprised after submitting some sketches to the Sun Francisco Call to have them accepted and a position made for him.

So successful did he finally become that he gave up his position with Judge Camp-

HEPPNER BLACKMAN.

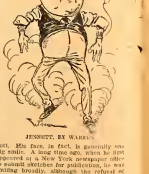
bell and devoted himself entirely to his drawings. It was shortly before the earthquake in San Francisco that he started out to make a name for himself as a cartoonist, and so good did he manage to make it that, when the fire came, he found little difficulty in securing high remuneration for his ideas.

Norman E. Jennett.

NO matter what may or may not have been the fate of the Spanish Armada Norman E. Jennett, who is responsible for the "Ancient Mariner" series of drawings, is the real "Skibbereen" boy to his friends from his home town, Wayne, N. Y., and from this that ever since he drew his first picture, and as such he has been known to fame.

His drawings are so satisfactory as a humorous study that he has been induced to leave his workshop and turn his face with joy such as fresh huckleberry pie would give to a country boy and be known as the "Huckleberry Boy," and he is now well probably still.

Few artists can make their figures smile so quickly as "Huckleberry" Jennett.



JENNETT, BY WARREN.

Mr. Jennett, however, did not care to be known as a humorist in humorous work, which, it has proved, was his natural bent.

The AMERICAN IDEA of MOTHERHOOD

A THREE YEARS CAREFUL INVESTIGATION DISPROVES THE FEAR OF RACE SUICIDE

A HUNDRED years ago the women of American family consisted of eight children; now the average American family consists of two children. A hundred years ago children's furnishings were looked upon as the most charitemente of God; now there are hundreds of thousands of people so fine that they consider it a positive sin of his persons, if asked what they consider the ideal number of children, will say, "Two—a boy and a girl."

This "ideal" of a family, one or two children, is the fashion of the day, and has come to be fixed. It prevails all over the country, except in the uneducated classes and in some of the South. Nor is it only the rich and the college graduates who want small families or none at all, this desire to limit the size of the family has taken possession of the middle classes, and seems to be found moderately well educated people.

The situation is a serious one. We, as a nation, are deliberately ceasing to reproduce our kind, except in the poorest and most ignorant classes.

What are the reasons for this?

Is this growing tendency to limit the size of the family a good thing or a bad thing for the nation?

What is there in the individual to make mothers of that he is more conscientious?

In "The American Idea of Motherhood" this month by A. E. Barnes & Co., Mrs. L. E. Commander presents the results of three years of energetic investigation into these questions. She has gathered opinions from thousands of mothers in every walk in different parts of the country. By personal interviews and correspondence she has obtained the views of mothers in every profession in their profession and business. Among the women whose opinions she has questioned, among all classes of society are represented in the book; the author's aim was to get a true taking of the great American public on these questions. Mothers in every profession, trade, calling, doctor, lawyer, mechanic, child, doctor, lawyer, mechanic, child, are almost all represented in this valuable and enlightening contribution to literature.

"Children to the rich and physicians to the poor were the original. From the end when they requested genuinely to have something that parents who were not rich or two children are rarely found. Thirty-sixth of fortune physicians are among the poor, I also asked what they found to be the cause of their poor families' children—a boy and a girl."

One physician, whose patients have incomes of from $500 to $5,000 a year, said:—"Among my patients I find that the average family is not more than two, and that, as a rule, the second is an accident, the third a misfortune, and the fourth a tragedy."

Irresponsibility of Ignorant Poor.

It is among the ignorant poor, the people who are always being relieved by charity, that there is no attempt to restrict reproduction. Such people have no sense of responsibility, either on climate or parentage. Their children are a burden and a misfortune, the settlements to help them until the children can earn a few cents to "help along." They have no ideals for their children beyond the hope that, as soon as possible, they will be able to "help along" and help their jobs. What chance has a family of seven or eight children to become skilled in a trade or profession, to become educated, thoughtful, valuable citizens when the income of the parents is insufficient to take care of more than one child?

It is because of the lack of responsibility in such persons that the State of New York pays $1,000,000 annually for the care of dependent children. There are 30,000 children in the State who are receiving the blind, deaf or feeble minded. "The law of self-preservation dominates the law of reproduction.

As soon as persons begin to be ambitious for their children, to have them educated and trained so that they won't have a harder start in life than their parents had (do they begin to realize the necessity of limiting the size of the family.

"Dr. A. L., who has done free office work for ten years, seeing an average of seventy-five patients a day, and studying the woman of the poorer classes in the most all above the lowest level she determines to stop having children. No request is made of me oftener in the clinic than that I should prescribe for her some reliable other physician having either experience confirmed these opinions.

"Dr. I. D., who has a practice in the intelligent foreigners, and is interested in the improvement of the race, says: 'I find the family average to be bearing upon the struggle for life, and the children are not partially entitled to a good start, and a continued carrying power. It cost $1,000 to raise a child and to give it a college education in this country the we Americanized for

"Mother and Child"
By George De Forrest Brush.

FROM PHOTO COPYRIGHTED 1907 BY FOTER BROTHERS.

cigaret still feels the same. He aspires to be a man of wealth and position, and he will begin at birth to train his children to be such men in childhood and get money. To the poor and struggling such people have nothing to say. Their children are doomed, life is on a purely pay-as-you-enter basis."

There is one explanation for the disappearance of large families among the poorer class of workers besides their love of standing on their own feet and their ambition and strong wish to give their children a good start. Mrs. Commander has stated the Church's attitude on the subject in the following words:—

"To defeat Nature in marriage is as criminal as to commit murder. No excuse can be made for the married who, for selfish and sensual ends, practice the execrable crime. The question of economics has nothing to do with the case. It is the fulfilment of a command."

Even the Hebrews, whose religious teaching is in favor of unrestricted families, are in thinking, under the press of modern life, that it is better to limit the size of their family. Rabbi Wise, of this city, says he thinks it quite in order to limit the number of children to the ability of the parents to care for them properly. A man said to me, the fact that "the small family is the fittest to survive," a Hebrew rabbi in Chicago said it privately, to the members of his congregation, that it was then to restrict the size of their families.

But it is not only physicians and teachers who urge "the American ideal." Mrs. Commander has collected opinions from ministers of many denominations.

"A Roman woman said to me here in this country ever twenty years ago, 'I have my two children, and—I make no end to it.' I have seen people making fools of themselves getting a few of children from whom they had no Blessed passports for the rest of us to find—and I have seen them, after a few years, abandoned by themselves. I said to one of them, 'Most folks can feed and mother that many. But when it comes to the next one, and the next it's a disgrace and a shame that you have not been more explicit to the Lord.'

The Church and the Children.

"An Arizona woman said to me, a member of an Irish Roman Catholic family of seven children, and the mother of one herself, 'I wish more. He said—'It costs a lot to raise young men right, and I intend to do everything for mine that can be done.' I said, 'Then you will have to give up all your money in time, and then where do any of us come to for the rest of our living?' My youngsters are going to have a good little send-off schooling. You've got to look out for yourself, I tell you, and I tell them I want them to look after theirs.'

"I asked him if the priest approved of his sentiments. He said, 'Yes—The priests don't all think we can't have too many children. But I do. I'm not the boy to have a big family.'

How bitterly sad it is that often in the homes of the poor the only children are themselves realize that the new baby is not welcome!

A brother in one of the public schools kindergarten, when told that a baby had been presented to the family, grumbled deeply and she politely remarked—How nice that is!' Your mamma must be pleased.' The child, who was only six years old, replied—'Pleased! Why, she cried when the baby came! I can't be glad for more. There ain't enough money.'

In the old days a man we were a wealthy nation, there was room and a living for many children, and there were as a rule no "hard times" when a man's business demand for unskilled labor was much less. Nowadays, when the country is overcrowded, when competition is much greater, when there are so many skilled workers, when there is much less demand for unskilled labor, when the cost of living is so much greater, when the struggle for existence is so much keener, when the standard of comfort is so much higher, when the standard of education is so much higher, when the standard of comfort is so much higher, when the standard of education is so much higher, when the standard of comfort is so much higher, when the standard of education is so much higher

EMPIRE STATE'S MINIATURE YELLOWSTONE

THE MAGNIFICENT NATURAL PARK GIVEN TO THE PEOPLE BY MR WILLIAM PRYOR LETCHWORTH

UPPER FALL OF THE UPPER GENESEE AND ERIE RAILWAY BRIDGE

WILLIAM PRYOR LETCHWORTH

AT the close of a long life of public usefulness William Pryor Letchworth has rounded out his career by setting an example which men of wealth who are desirous of perpetuating their names in an honorable manner would do well to follow. He has generously in his native State, to be forever maintained as a public park and reservation for the use and enjoyment of all the people, a tract of land of rare historical and natural interest and of scenic beauty second only to Niagara Falls in the whole State. The Genesee River, with its three beautiful waterfalls, its rather 30 feet deep, its remarkable geological formation and its granite of a thousand acres or well kept farm and wood land.

David Gray, a Buffalo editor, caught the spirit of the place in a poem in which the following stanzas are taken:—

The story of the past is told.
Hist thou, O Valley sweet and lone—
Glen of the Rainbow—thou shalt hold
Its romance as thine own!

Dreamlit of time ancient forest prime
Shall sometimes steal the summer dreams
And shape in low poetic rhyme
The music of its streams.

When linglin summer flings her cloak
Of trembling satin on the woods
The patina of a vanished folk
Shall haunt thy solitudes.

The blue smoke of their fires ere more
The valley shall ascend
Nor sunset's glow nor moonlight's lore
Shall reveal their end.

Mr. Letchworth is now past seventy years of age and nearly fifty years of his life have been spent on the estate which he has presented to the people of the State. By his character modest and retiring, he has shunned the limelight of publicity and the honors which he richly deserves. Even his neighbors and the dependents on his estate, even though it is for less widely known than the names of a number of millionaires whose beneficiaries have been more advertised.

Perhaps the best way to describe the great gift which Mr. Letchworth has made to the State, of his own free will and without solicitation, is to relate the story of how he happened to become the owner of Glen Iris.

Mr. Letchworth was engaged in the sale of dairy hardware business in Buffalo forty-five years ago, under the firm name of Pratt & Letchworth, when he made his first purchase of land in the Glen Iris Falls. The place was then in an unsightly condition. The mill had been torn down and over the ruins, leaving in their wake a chaos of debris interspersed with sawmills. The land was at first cleared by them and the timber had been removed, for modern invention had not yet rendered valuable power available for long distances through electricity and transmission wires. Mr. Letchworth was fascinated by the beauty of the river and the falls and the fact that this rushing torrent by the spray of which nearly entered his home "Glen Iris" augmented the land, and he resolved that it should be the name of his home. Mr. Letchworth's home now on the hill directly east there he has lived ever since. The original frame house has been added to and the last portions were made in 1876, when the grounds were laid out.

After the Upper Genesee Valley was cleared of its lumber, from which the water power of the country was obtained, the energy of the country was turned to that which dammed the Genesee River at Rochester and Niagara Falls. The entire stream was by dams through the most part a natural channel, but a deep and narrow channel through which the lake was drained. Then came a glacier, which filled the cleft, and the river, finding a new bed, had been reduced to a fairly rapid stream but its work to do over the rock. The water, however, was in the course of time, and consequently was able to read in its perpendicular walls the history of rock like story of the past. When this new channel crosses the old one at the north end of the rock stream what is known as the great glacier came down from the north and filled up the old channel.

INDIAN COUNCIL HOUSE AND MARY JEMISON GRAVE.

In the haven which Mr. Letchworth found when he first visited the place he discovered the possibilities of the future. He resolved to do what he was planning to do with his business and he made up his mind that he would not be content with mere subsidiary retreat. The great gorge which divides the upper from the lower Genesee is about seventy miles long, and only a small part of it is comprised in the Glen Iris property, but the most picturesque portion, including the three falls, he acquired, and the Glen Iris Falls are not to be compared with Niagara.

Glen Iris Park lies upon either side of the Genesee northward for three miles from the Erie Railway bridge at the Falls. This bridge, which has long been noted, is a magnificent piece of work, and is the largest in length from bank to bank of the chasm. The first cataract known as the Upper Falls is just below the bridge. The river tumbles over a ledge of limestone, one foot high and gradually down to the middle falls, near which Letchworth's home is. Here it plunges downward for 40 feet by 80 tons with at rock 20 feet high, or higher than the Palisades at the western bank of Hudson opposite the northern end of Manhattan Island. The rocky strata lying beneath the limestone horizontally above the deposits left by the glacier, which have covered the present bed of what is now New York State.

Mr. Letchworth was able to acquire the upper portion of the middle falls. The lower falls are 125 feet high, and here the river turns and runs in a narrow gorge, and here Mr. Letchworth

VIEW FROM TABLE ROCK, WALKING DOWN STREAM

MIDDLE FALL OF THE UPPER GENESEE

VIEW OF DARNEY SECTION OF FOREST PARK, WHERE NEW BOULEVARD WILL END LILY AND LOTUS PONDS IN THE FOREGROUND

DARNEY MAUSOLEUM ON LAUREL HILL AT FOREST PARK, GUARDED BY MARBLE SPHINXES BROUGHT FROM ITALY

A MILLIONNAIRE BEQUEATHES HIS FORTUNE TO HIS CITY

EVERETT H. DARNEY

THE magnificent offer of an entire park, in making Springfield one of the most beautiful cities in the country, by Everett H. Darney is a further park have been made by Everett Darney, who has been the mayor of Springfield in the course of a large fortune and seven years ago decided to give to the city the benefit of his experience in the practical handling of enormous sums of money. Mr. Darney's death his property will revert to the city, to be held by a board of trustees for carrying out the park improvements. Mr. Darney's generosity, however, goes further, and as soon as the river front property comes into the possession of the city he will begin the construction of a boulevard to connect the park system. The interest alone from his great legacy will carry out the entire plan.

The river front improvement, as it is called, is the most ambitious one. It will start on a private drive of more than $1,000,000 by the city, of the lumberman by relinquishing what they had set away. He has always been a lover of nature and summer houses, designing every

fight." It was at this time that David Gray's poem was written.

Another object of historic interest upon the estate is the grave of Mary Jemison, the White Woman of the Genesee. She was captured by the Indians when the French and Indian wars and carried into captivity. She was then a child, and when at last she was found, and the pioneers offered to purchase her freedom, she had grown accustomed to Indian ways and refused to leave them. Her last years, which had been adopted, she married a brave and reared her children in the tribe and was buried in Buffalo, and when a new street was laid out across her grave she. Letchworth caused her bones to be removed to Glen Iris, with the log cabin in which she had lived.

Many other memories of the early history of the nation were brought together at Glen Iris and are now preserved there.

The falls on Mr. Letchworth's estate are commonly known as Portage Falls, and include the upper, middle and lower cataracts.

Mr. has opened no gate to make the door accessible to visitors, constructed safe paths and roads and beautiful gates, stairways, bridges, footpaths and galleries along the gorges of the canyon, so that the place might be made a source of recreation and pleasure to the people.

The park, in addition to its natural beauties, affords many opportunities for study in many branches of scientific study. It includes a great variety of plant life, while the rare birds are present in greater numbers and varieties than in any other locality in the State.

Mr. Letchworth has for years made the deer accessible to visitors, constructing safe and roads and woodland paths

OLD STORIES REVISED by George Ade

THE VICAR of WAKEFIELD.

ORIGINAL DOMINIE WHAT HE DUCKED ILLUSTRATED BY

HAD A TRIPLE-PLATED SNAP. COUNT UP BY GETTING AWAY 150 YEARS AGO.

ALBERT LEVERING.

ON THE LOOKOUT FOR ANY YOUNG COLLEAGUE

IN ORDER TO REDEEM THE MEAL TICKET.

(Copyright, 1907, by George Ade In United States and Great Britain.)

ONE of the first Novels written in solid English, as distinguished from the American Institution With the Velvet coating, was by Oliver Goldsmith, and it was all about what happened to the Preacher.

This was a long time ago, before F. Marion Crawford began turning them out on his Lathe.

There was Department Store in those days, and the Bright Young Man who was troubled by inspirations had to go home in order to establish himself as a Popular Writer.

The Author succeeded in giving away a good many Autograph Copies to sentimental Friends, who said they would prize the Volume ever so much more if they didn't have to go out and buy it. But when he collected Royalties he never had to borrow any Wheelbarrow in order to get the Stuff over to the Bank.

After he died and the Copyright expired and his Heirs could not claim a Back-Cuff, nearly everybody on Earth began reading the book and they have been at it ever since.

As soon as a Copy gets so fleer-stained that the Lines are blurred and the Pages all gummed together, the Owner goes and gets a Dozen for about 20 cents and starts in to clean up his Emotions some more.

All of which goes to prove that a Preacher who has been dead 150 years hasn't an Enemy in the World.

At the time the Book was written, the Minister playing in a Minor League was known as a Vicar. Now he is known as a good many Things, especially if he dabbles in Politics.

The Vicar got many a Jolt. After organizing a large and hungry Family, he awoke one morning to learn that the Friend who had promised to let him in on the Ground Floor of a Banner Proposition was about to file a Petition in Bankruptcy. Liabilities, $52,000. Assets, two Suits of Clothes, a Canvas Bag and a Hot Water Bag.

It is a blessed provision of Nature that nearly every Man who loses his Wad has a fine bunch of Children that are quite beyond the reach of Greedy Creditors. We cannot learn from a careful study of approved Fiction that any old Batch ever went broke. He is nonsense enough, goodness knows, and a very Melancholy Figure slung about Christmas Time, but he always has a bundle of Money that you couldn't push through a Door.

After being trimmed, the Vicar and his Family were kept close to the Carpet. The Book devotes a good many Pages to telling how they were happy, even though they seldom had one Dollar to rub against another. In fact, the Story leads us to believe that those who have no Velvet are seldom led into Temptation.

We know, however, that the Vicar and his devoted Missus and the assorted Sock of Young Folks did not miss a great deal by being hard up. They lived in the quiet, old-fashioned Days, when a little Gooseberry Wine and Family Prayers made up a hot Combination with which to fill in a long Evening.

Suppose the Vicar had stood in with some Harriman of that period and had succeeded in getting one of those huge, elegant, dropsical Fortunes—the kind that every American Citizen is reading and trying his misdeeds to get rid of.

Could he have got any Action for his Money? Not so you could have noticed it.

Why, grieve over the Hard Luck Story of a Household that was on deck long before people had learned how to spell their Money?

Nowadays the Lady of the House who is on her Uppers picks up the latest Gazette of the Smart Set and sees the Pictures of 1,000,000 things that she wants to buy and can't.

In 1765 the Woman who was flat had nothing to worry her. Nobody across the street did not have any Electric Sideboard or a Talking Machine in the Front Room which she could hear a Mile away when all the windows were open.

Nobody was expected to pile $800 worth of American Beauty Roses in the centre of the Table every time a few Friends came in to break Bread.

The $5-a-day Seaside Hotel, the Winter Trip to Florida with a carload of Trunks and the Private Car Limited were a few of the Modern Necessities that Father Thee was holding up his Sleeve as a glad surprise for a later Generation.

The Vicar of Wakefield's name was Doctor Primrose, but he was not related to the celebrated Primroses, although both were in the same Line of Work. That is, they had to make good by shoving off on a Platform. George got the Coin and Doctor Primrose arrived at the Final Chapter with a Clear Conscience and just about enough Fuel in the Cellar to last him to the 1st of the Month.

No one he knew he had been on the Level, and so he must have been Happy, for John D. says that those who try to get rich all fall down after forty a lot of Causation from the Knowledge they have been Unspotted.

The Modern Idle Is—Don't let any one spot you.

For take the world-renowned story of Doctor Primrose up one side and down the other, and it is a Tame Affair compared with the adventures of a real busy Pastor of the New School.

There was a time when every little Lad who was pale and had translucent Ears and preferred being the Pet than Base Stitch to getting out and getting the Fresh Cat was supposed to be a likely candidate for the Pulpit.

Nowadays the Bishop of the Diocese is on the lookout for lusty young Collegians who can stand off the World and the Devil with the Left while lifting a Church Debt with the Right.

Any young Theolog who moves into a Parsonage and undertakes the Contract of bowling and subduing a high-geared and strong-minded Congregation certainly has his own Troubles sprout out in front of him like a "otel Dinner.

In the old days the Flock took any Shepherd that wandered into the Pasture and allowed him to feed them from the Spoon, and swallowed everything and had to like it.

Now the Main Performer has to do a few Trial Heats, while they head the Clock on him before they Sign him.

Church Members have asserted their Rights as Employers and now belong to the Running Family. They sit back in their padded Parquet Chairs and say to the bright young Entertainer just out of College, "Come on and show Us."

If he fails to deliver the Goods, they give him the Gate and send off to the Works for another Simple.

But if he is an handsome as E. H. Sothern and can make the Women cry and his Clothes fit him to the Mark and he has no dangerous Views conflicting with the Opinions of the Pew-holders, he may have a fair Chance of going right to work at a Salary one-third as large as that of a Pittsburg Peddler and somewhat in excess of that commanded by a high-class Farm Hand.

Having entered upon his Career, he is just as safe any Minute of the man who steals through a Powder Magazine smoking a cigarrest.

In order to retain the Meal Ticket he merely has to talk like Beveridge, be a diplomat of the John Hay variety, do the Social Act with the grace and dignity of the old Colonial Governor Lehr and wear the Pinnacles with the bored and superior Insight of Sec. Shaw, Captain of the Wall Street Life Crew.

Talk About old Doctor Primrose having experiences! Did he ever have to discuss Evolution in such a manner that he wound not contradict Science, and yet would satisfy the old Timers who believed that the World was begun out of Nothing one Monday Morning and had Parks, Driveways, Subdivisions and a few Forty Settlers the following Saturday Afternoon?

Did the original Vicar of Wakefield ever have to do a Balancing Act between the Progressive faction, which believes that the Lower Regions constitute a Figure of Speech, and the old rock-ribbed Wing, that wants every Sermon served up hot with Blue Flames around it, the same as a Rum Omelette?

It was Fine Business for the Vicar of Wakefield to regulate his Parish, because whatever he said Went.

His humble Followers were not dieting with a lot of outside Clubs and then coming to Church every Sunday Morning, loaded to the Gunwales with new and startling Theories, and just aching for a chance to trip up the Minister and make him out either a Heretic or a howling Ignoramus.

This year's Preacher is supposed to have positive Views on the subject of Alcoholic Nonabsment.

Some of the Folks in front believe that the act of absorbing a Scotch Highball comes under the same Category as biting a Crippled Child in the head with an Axe.

Others constituting what is known as the Liberal Element, are known to keep it in the Cellar, after having it delivered in the House in a Grocery Wagon. They are agin the Liquor Traffic, but they see no harm in a Dutch Lunch with wet trimmings.

Now all that Friend Minister has to do in discussing the Drink Evil is to be mild enough to please the Absteiners and yet not drive away from the Foil those who see no harm in a home-grown Thing.

If he shows a frolicsome disposition to mingle with the Young People and get into their outdoor Sports and try to look more like a Commercial Salesman than an Undertaker, so as to remove the impression that he is hidebound, it is dollars to doughnuts that some Crabapple Dodo who manages a Thrupr Refrigy will fix Charges against him and that a grand cluster of petrified Elders will try him on the heinous charge of being Worldly.

Of course in every Municipal Campaign he must stand up and fight for Civic Righteousness and the Rights of the Tax Payers and Sunday Closing and every other Movement that hurts the Reform Ring, and then the Financial Heavyweight who is one of the Ministays of the Church and doesn't get a few lovely Franchises out of the City Council, will fall on Mr. Preacher like a Horse on a Butterfly and try to have him transferred to some other Field of Usefulness.

If he remains Single he cannot hold the gloved Hand of any young Sister for 1-100th of a Second without feeling the cold eye of Suspicion glued upon Him.

If he marries and Wifey does not happen to be that modest combination of Saint and Hockey Mamma that every one thinks she ought to be, the Sewing Circle stops working on Quilts for the Heathen and becomes a proud little Aerial Charge.

The Vicar of Wakefield should be overhauled if we are to get the true inside history of what happens to the Preacher.

After he has lumped the Bumps for many Years and crippled himself jumping Hedgeways to avoid Unfortunate Complications, and his Pipes are worn out, and he no longer feels down the Aisle on Sunday bowling over Kids like a Horse and Buggy, but begins to be a little old and careless and sleepy, he serves on the Building and Loan Specialty, instead of serving on the Building and Loan Gags, with Light Effects and Powder Scenes, he will be mighty lucky if the Congregation does not suddenly discover up in Northield, Maine, or away Bloomington, Ill., some Child Wonder with a Voice like a Bell and a whole peeled to pack up the 3256 words of Homebred Goods that he has saved out of his Salary to use him in Years, and break by without any Back Talk.

On the other hand, if he makes a Tea Strike and is reported in the Newspapers, much to the Sorry of those who believe that a Sermon should consist largely of an explanation of what is meant by those parts of the Old Testament that no one understands, and goes out to a metropolis where the Salary is so large that it would be up in the same Class with Insurance Agents and Village Lawyers, you may rest assured that the Impecunious will get after him good and plenty for being actuated by Low and Mercenary Motives.

Oliver Goldsmith was a Nice Man, but what he didn't know about some of the new Deals that have been lined up for the gentle Minister of the Gospel would make a Book four times as big as the ellagy little Volume that he wrote.

THE COLD EYE OF SUSPICION

AND BRUNK BY WITHOUT ANY BACK TALK

THE MASONIC WONDER OF THE WORLD

FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS EVER PUBLISHED OF THE INTERIOR OF PHILADELPHIA'S FAR FAMED TEMPLE

REAR STAIR HALL, THIRD FLOOR.

CORINTHIAN HALL—EAST END

FRIEZE DECORATION—CORINTHIAN HALL

EGYPTIAN HALL

THE Masonic Temple in Philadelphia is the finest edifice of the kind in the world, and is the most costly ever erected for the exclusive use of the Masonic fraternity. Its massive and picturesque tower, the Masonic landmark of the City of Brotherly Love, rising majestically above all other buildings, can be seen for miles around, and is the first object to attract the attention of strangers.

The beauty of this temple has been discussed far and wide, and it has been appropriately named the "Masonic wonder of the world." It is a perfect specimen of Norman architecture, built of a crystal white granite, and like Solomon's Temple of old, has three gates, of which the eastern, on Broad street, is the grand entrance.

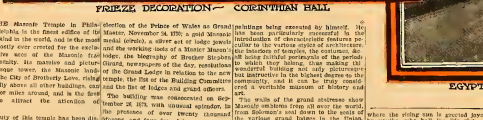
On June 24 last, the cornerstone was laid by Grand Master Richard Vvan, in the presence of ten thousand Masons. Particulars deposited were—A copy of the Holy Bible, a copy of the Ahiman Rezon of the Grand Lodge of Philadelphia, a list of lodges in this jurisdiction, a copy of the last annual publication, a copy of the constitutions of the Grand Lodge in reference to the building of the temple, a copy of the Masonic Register for 1868, coins of the United states, a Washington penny of 1791, a Franklin penny of 1793, a piece of wood cut from one of the cedars of Lebanon, a piece of marble that was part of the Golden Gate of the Temple of King Solomon, a piece of stone from the foundation of the Temple of Jerusalem, a gold Masonic medal (Baptism), a silver medal of Past Master Peter Y. Williams, a copper medal struck in commemoration of the election of the Prince of Wales as Grand Master, November 24, 1730; a gold Masonic medal (1825), a silver set of lodge jewels and the working tools of a Master Mason's lodge, the biography of Brother Stephen Girard, newspapers of the day, constitution of the Grand Lodge in relation to the new temple, the list of the Building Committee and the list of lodges and grand officers.

The building was consecrated on September 26, 1873, with imposing splendor, in the presence of over twenty thousand Masons, and four days later the Knights Templars consecrated their asylum in the temple, with the most brilliant pageant ever seen in Philadelphia, crowds of grand commanderies and subordinate commanderies being in the public parade.

The interior of this famous temple is the very perfection of beauty in every respect, both from the artistic and the material points of view. The spacious and lofty hallways and staircases, composed of a variety of most exquisite marbles, adorned with mosaics, reliefs and paintings, are in perfect keeping with the stately lodge rooms to which they lead, all of which are constructed in the most characteristic styles of architecture, from the simplest to the modern, the Egyptian, the Greek, the Doric, the Corinthian, the Moorish, the Byzantine, the Romanesque, the Gothic and the Renaissance periods being represented.

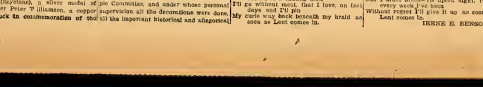
Mr. George Herzog, of New York and Philadelphia, is the successful artist whose designs were executed by the Temple Construction, and under whose personal supervision all the decorations were done, till the important historical and allegorical paintings being executed by himself. He has been particularly successful in the introduction of characteristic features peculiar to the various lodges, and in depicting the behavior of members, the costumes, the all being faithful portrayals of the periods to which they belong. One marking the wonderful building not only picturesque but instructive to the highest degree to the community, and it can be truly considered a veritable museum of history and art.

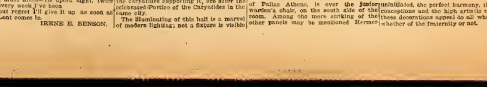
The walls of the grand staircase show Masonic emblems from all over the world, from Solomon's seal down to the seals of the various grand lodges in the States. The coats of arms of all the States of the Union have also representation here. In the lunes over above is seen a procession of the Knights Templars, from the time of the Crusades, clad in the rich costumes of the Renaissance, marching toward the Eastern



where the rising sun is greeted joyously by youths who hail the life giving orb with songs of praise.

The balcony of the second floor has an air of mysticism quite in keeping with the renowned Egyptian theme which it portrays. The ceiling is composed of open lunes, above which is a





AS SOON AS LENT COMES IN

THE holidays seem long ago; bother what's on the wane.
Coalfires, too, are pretty through.
Lent's almost here again.
I've been so gay all winter that I feel I'm stepped in air.
A new suit I shall turn at once as soon as Lent comes in.

I feel my own unworthiness, indeed I really do,
I've spoken short to mother and I've shaken Billie doo.
I only hope Mr. Stanley Brooks away from Nellie Gwynne,
But I'll make reparation, though, as soon as Lent comes in.

I'll give up sweets and soda then, and though I don't like fish
I'll eat mushrooms on toast and oysters cooked in a chafing dish.
I'll go without meat, that I love on fast days, I'm a sinner,
Without regret I'll give it up as soon as Lent comes in.

ERNEST E. BENSON.